THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

VOL. VII.] *New-York....Saturday, May 7....1808.* [NO. 2

SERED AND TEKAH;

OR,

THE TWO DERVISES.

In the delightful valley of Mernon, where the seasons glide in sweet succession, scattering their varied profusion, resided two Dervises, who seemed to have selected this retreat, as the asylum of meditation and repose. The names of these philosophers, who inhabited different recesses, were Vishni and Salem—Vishni appeared mild and humane, sighing at the faults of his fellow-creatures, and lamenting the depravity of man. He taught that Alla had created the human race for the best purposes, and that it was reversing infinite benevolence to suppose that the crimes of a finite being should receive eternal punishment.

Salem, on the other hand, was of a more austere disposition, he had intimately known the viciousness of human nature, and almost detested the species, for its crimes, its outrages, and its tyranny. He taught that few would enter the garden of Paradise, nine-tenths of mankind being doomed to eternal torment.

Such were the sentiments these reverend men daily inculcated in all who attended for instruction, and such were the tenets they instilled into the minds of two youths whom the piety of their parents had placed beneath their care.

Sered was the pupil of Vishni, but unworthy of so benevolent a preceptor—He was careless beneath his instructions, because the rod of punishment was never suspended over his head; and the praise of the worthy, which he has at some *future* period to receive, as yet had not taught his heart to sigh with emulation. He imbibed naturally from his instructor all the maxims which the wise have produced, and he knew perfectly well the value of learning and morality: yet was he frequently led into faults, because he had no expectance of punishment, and the temptation of the present always overcame the hopes of the future.

Tekah was of a violent capricious disposition. The indulgence of his parents had led him to suppose that all must bow to his will, or stoop to his desire. His pride quickly received a check beneath the hands of Salem, and punish-

ment followed a crime, certain as the rolling thunder succeeds the illuminating flash. His natural disposition was corrected by his terror of consequences, and his imagination was restrained by the fear of that punishment a future life suspends over the secret criminal.

Such were the sentiments of Sered and Tekah, when the views of their parents called them to Ispahan. They were now placed beneath the care of respectable merchants, who taught them the art of exchange, and the science of speculation. Tekah was frequently tempted to deviate from the line of honour, in pursuit of those emoluments a clandestine transaction held out, but the fear of detection, or the terror of a future retribution, stayed his hand. Character with him was a sacred garment, and he sought to preserve it as unspotted as the priestly robes in the temple of Mithra.

Sered, on the contrary, when an evasion of the law led to profit, in security, scrupled not to grasp at gain.—He listened not to the cry of humanity, rather seeking by enhancing the price of grain, in which he dealt, to extort the last *coz* from the poor. He lent money to the distressed at extravagant interest, and formed connexions with wandering Arabs, whose plunder he secretly vended.—Yet, in the eyes of men, he appeared the pattern of mercantile integrity. The applauses of men were, however, insufficient to restrain Sered from clandestine malevolence, and the slight restraint they imposed, became every day less: the influence of avarice and pleasure repressing the voice of honour and virtue.—Such were the characters of the two friends, who being liberated from the authority of their parents, resided in superb buildings adjoining each other.

One evening in the cool of the day, Sered wandered along the banks of the golden Zanderat, to enjoy the western breezes, which perfumed the air with the fragrance of roses and jessamine; while the curling water glided by to join in the embraces of the Tygris. He was revolving in his mind new plans of profit, and new schemes of extortion, when a gentle voice from a grove of dates and pomegranates, arrested his feet. He paused, then advanced to listen, entered the grove, and found himself before a little cane dwelling, surrounded with a garden of flowers.—On a bank of violets and lilies, sat the beauteous Nour Hali, lulling her infant sister to sleep. Not expecting strangers, her veil was thrown aside, and her exquisite features were suffused with a blushing confusion, giving increased animation to her large black eyes, which for a moment glanced upon Sered, then eagerly sought the veil, beneath which, modesty conceals itself. Sered was confounded and astonished at

the charms of the blushing maid. His haram contained some of the finest women of the East, but all their charms united, could scarcely equal those alone possessed by Nour Hali.—What a prize ! tho't he, she will be the pearl of my haram, and the gem of my delight. He instantly addressed her in the language of affection, intermingled with the blandishments of wealth, and the allurements of pleasure, but the heart of the virgin was inattentive to his representations, and cold to all his caresses.

The pride of Sered was hurt.—Could he be refused by a peasant's daughter, a slave, one whom he could sell to the merchants ?—He arose haughtily, and returned deeply musing towards Ispahan. On the way he reflected that some prior passion must have possession of her bosom, or it was impossible she could withstand riches, pleasures, and a person handsome as himself—but then— who, except a peasant, could be the object ; and should so unworthy a competitor snatch from the arms of *Sered* a gem of such inestimable value—"No," cried he, "those dreamers who believe in future punishment, might be deterred from violence in gratifying their will, but my dear Vishni has taken from me such foolish prejudices.—If I do not enter the garden of Paradise, I shall loose all existence, and what then! I will enjoy pleasure, while pleasure is within my grasp."

(To be continued.)

Family disagreements the frequent cause of immoral conduct.

After all our complaints of the uncertainty of human affairs, it is undoubtedly true, that more misery is produced among us by the irregularities of our tempers, than by real misfortunes. And it is a circumstance particularly unhappy, that these irregularities of the temper are most apt to display themselves at our fire-sides, where every thing ought to be tranquil and serene. But the truth is, we are awed by the presence of strangers, and are afraid of appearing weak or ill-natured when we act in sight of the world ; and so, very heroically, reserve all our ill-humour for our wives, children, and servants. We are meek where we might meet with opposition ; but feel ourselves undauntedly bold where we are sure of no effectual resistence.

The perversion of the best things converts them to the worst. Home is certainly well adapted to repose and solid enjoyment. Among parents and brothers, and all the tender charities of private life, the gentler affections, which are always attended with feelings purely and permanently pleasureable, find an ample scope for proper exertion. The experienced have often declared, after wearying themselves in pursuing phantoms, that they have found a substantial happiness in the domestic circle.—Hither they have returned from

their wild excursions in the regions of dissipation, as the bird, after fluttering in the air, descends into her nest, to partake and increase its genial warmth with her young ones. Such and so sweet are the comforts of home, when, not perverted by the folly and weakness of man. Indifference, and a carelessness on the subject of pleasing those whom it is our best interest to please, often render it a scene of dulness and insipidity. Happy if the evil extended no farther. But the transition of the negative state of not being pleased, to positive ill-humour, is but too easy. Fretfulness and peevishness arise, as nettles vegetate, spontaneously, where no salutary plants are cultivated. One unkind expression infallibily generates many others—Trifles light as air, are able to kindle the blaze of contention. By frequent conflicts, and unreserved familiarity, all that mutual respect which is necessary to preserve love, even in the most intimate connections, is entirely lost: and the faint affection which remains, is too feeble to be felt amid the furious operation of the hateful passions. Farewell peace and tranquillity, and chearful converse, and all the boasted comforts of the family circle. The nest which should preserve a perpetual warmth, by the constancy of paternal and conjugal affection, is rendered cold and joyless. In the place of the soft down which should cover it, are substituted thorns and briars. The waters of strife, to make use of the beautiful allusion of scripture, rush in with impetuous violence, and ruffle and discolour that stream, which, in its natural and undisturbed current, devolves its waters all smooth and limpid.

But it is not necessary to expatiate on the misery of family dissention. I mean more particularly to suggest, that family dissention, besides all its own immediate evils, is the fruitful parent of moral misconduct.

When the several parts which compose a family, find themselves uneasy in that home which is naturally the seat of mutual enjoyment, they are tempted from the straight road of common prudence to pursue their happiness through a devious wild of passion and imagination. The son arrived at years of maturity, who is treated harshly at home, will seldom spend his evenings at the domestic fire-side. If he lives in the city, he will fly for refuge to company; and, in the end, it is very probable he will form some unhappy connection, which cannot be continued without a plentiful supply of money. Money, it is probable, cannot be procured honestly but from the parent; but money must at all events be procured. What then remains, but to pursue those methods which unprincipled ingenuity has invented, and which, sooner or later, lead to their proper punishments pain, shame, and death!

But though the consequences are not always such as the operation of human laws produces, yet they are always terrible and destructive of happiness and virtue. Misery is, indeed, the necessary result of all deviation from rectitude; but early debauchery, early disease, early profligacy of all kinds, are peculiarly fruitful of wretchedness; as they sow the seeds of misery in the spring of life, when all that is sown strikes deep root, and buds and blossoms, and brings forth fruit in profuse abundance.

In the disagreements between children and parents, it is certain that the children are usually most culpable. Their violent passions, and defective experience, render them diobedient and undutiful.—Their love of pleasure operates so violently, as often to destroy the force of filial affection. A parent is stung to the heart by the ingratitude of a child. He checks his precipitancy, and, perhaps, with too little command of temper; for who can always hold the reins?—Asperity produces asperity. But the child was the aggressor, and therefore deserves a great part of the misery which ensues. It is, however, certain, that the parent is often imprudent, as well as the child undutiful. He should endeavour to render home agreeable, by gentleness and reasonable indulgence: for man at every age seeks to be pleased, but more particularly at the juvenile age. He should, indeed maintain his authority; but it should be like the mild dominion of a limited monarch, and not the iron rule of an austere tyrant. If home is rendered pleasing, it will not be long deserted. The prodigal will soon return, when his father's house is always ready to receive him with joy.

What is said of the consequences of domestic disunion to sons, is equally to be applied to daughters. Indeed, as the misconduct of daughters is more fatal to family peace, though perhaps not more henious in a moral view, particular care should be taken to render them attached to the comforts of the family circle. When their home is disagreeable, they will be ready to make any exchange; and will often lose their characters, virtue, and happiness, in the pursuit of it. Indeed the female character and happiness are so easily injured, that no solicitude can be too great in their preservation.—But prudence is necessary in every good cause, as well as zeal; and it is found by experience, that the gentlest method of government, if it is limited, and directed by good sense, it is the best. It ought, indeed to be steady, but not rigid: and every pleasure which is innocent in itself, and in its consequences, ought to be admitted, with a view to render less disagreeable that unwinking vigilance, which a delicate and sensible parent will judge necessary to be used in the care of a daughter.

To what wickedness, as well as wretchedness, matrimonial disagreements lead, every day's history will clearly inform us. When the husband is driven from his home by a termagant, he will seek that enjoyment which is denied him at home, in the haunts of vice, and in the riots of intemperance. Nor can female corruption be wondered at, though it must be greatly pitied and regretted, when in the heart of a husband, which love and friendship should warm, hatred is found to rankle. Conjugal infelicity not only renders life most uncomfortable, but leads to that desperate dissoluteness, and carelessness in manners, which terminate in the ruin of health, peace, and fortune.

But it avails little to point out evils, without recommending a remedy, Of the first rules which suggests itself, is, that families should endeavour, by often and seriously reflecting on the subject, to convince themselves, that not only the enjoyment, but the virtue of every individual, greatly depends on a cordial union. When they are convinced of this, they will endeavour to promote it: and it fortunately happens, that the very wish and attempt of every individual must infallibly secure success. It may, indeed, be difficult to restrain the occasional sallies of temper; but where there is, in the more dispassionate moments, a settled desire to preserve domestic union, the transient violence of passion will not often produce a permanent rapture.

It is another most excellent rule, to avoid a gross familiarity, even where the connexion is most intimate. It would, indeed, be unnatural in very intimate friends, to behave to each other with stiffness: but there is a delicacy of manner, and a flattering deference, that tend to preserve that degree of esteem which is necessary to support affection, and which is lost in contempt, when it deviates into excessive familiarity. An habitual politeness of manners will prevent even indifference from degenerating to hatred. It will refine, exalt, and perpetuate affection.

But the best and most efficacious rule is, that we should not think our moral and religious duties are only to be practised in public, and in the sight of those from whose applause we expect the gratification of our vanity, ambition, or avarice; but that we should be equally attentive to our behaviour among those who can only pay us by reciprocal love. We must show the sincerity of our principles and professions, by acting consistently with them, not only in the legislature, in the field, in the pulpit, at the bar, or in any public assembly, but at the fire-side.

C.

A PARODY.

PROVERBS, CHAP. XXXI.

10. WHO shall describe a woman of fashion? Her value is only in her jewels.

11. Her husband would fain place trust in her; but she maketh his property her spoil.

12. She will do him more evil than good all the days of her life.

13. She seeketh powders and paint, and with her hands willingly she maketh cosmetics.

14. She bringeth food and raiment from afar, that it may be more costly: nothing homely, or cheaply purchased pleaseth her.

15. She riseth at noon, and scoldeth her maidens: the rest of the day she idleth unprofitably.

16. She considereth a piece of china, and buyeth it, and squandereth her husband's money in vanity.

17. She girdeth not her body in modest raiment; her apparel is loose and indelicate.

18. She maketh her house the resort of gamblers; her candles burn and give light to evil doings.

19. She layeth her hands on the cards; yea, eagerly her hand divideth the pool.

20. She stretcheth out her hand in the idle dance: her knee bendeth not in the house of prayer.

21. She is not afraid of slander; for her household are clad in gorgeous liveries of cloth and gold.

22. She maketh herself coverings of net-work, her draperies are transparent gauze.

23. Her husband is known at C——— where he is seen conversing with the lawyers.

24. She maketh card purses; and delivereth tickets of invitation for masks and revelry.

25. Flowers and feathers are her ornaments; for she delighteth in vanity.

26. She openeth her mouth to utter evil words; her tongue retaileth scandal.

27. She looketh not to the ways of her household; they riot in waste and idleness.

28. Her children are nurtured by a stranger, and respect her not. Her husband, too, he despiseth her.

29. Many women do foolishly; but she is more blameable than all.

30. Fortune, birth, and beauty, might have raised her above all others; but she is the child of Folly.

31. Her conduct should, there-

fore, have made her a pattern for all women, and her works would have praised her in the gates.

Now let her go her way, and fear the Lord, lest the fruit of her doings be upon her.

SOLOMON THE YOUNGER.

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D. Longworth has published in two neat volumes, "Letters from England: by Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella. Translated from the Spanish." We shall occasionally present extracts from this interesting publication. The following observations on Fashion, may prove amusing to our fair readers.

LETTER XLIX.

THE caprice of fashion in this country would appear incredible to you, if you did not know me too well to suspect me either of invention or exaggeration. Every part of the dress, from head to foot, undergoes such frequent changes, that the English costume is, at present, as totally unlike what it was thirty years ago, as it is to the Grecian or Turkish habit. These people have always been thus capricious. Above two centuries ago, a satirist here painted one of his countrymen standing naked, with a pair of shears in one hand, and a piece of cloth in the other, saying:

I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mind what raiment I shall wear,
For now I will wear this, and now I will wear that,
And now I will wear I cannot tell what.

When J. was a school-boy, every body wore leathern breeches, which were made so tight, that it was a good half-hour's work to get them on the first time. The maker was obliged to assist at this operation:—observe, this personage is not called a taylor, but a maker of breeches,—tailors are considered as an inferior class, and never meddle with leather. When a gentleman was in labor of a pair of leathern breeches, all his strength was required to force himself into them, and all the assistant-operators to draw them on: when it was nearly accomplished, the maker put his hands between the patient's legs, closed them, and bade him sit on them like a saddle, and kick out one leg at a time, as if swimming. They could not be buttoned without the help of an instrument. Of course, they fitted like another skin; but woe to him who was caught in the rain in them!—It was like plucking a skin off to get out of them.

The shoes—I am not going back beyond a score of years in any of these instances—were made to a point in our unnatural method; they were then rounded, then squared, lastly made right and left like gloves to fit the feet. At one time, the waistcoat was so long as to make the wearer seem all body; at another time so short that he was all limbs. The skirts of the

coat were now cut away, so as almost to leave all behind bare as a baboon, and now brought forward to meet over the thigh like a petticoat. Now the cape was laid flat upon the shoulders, now it stood up straight and stiff like an implement of torture, now was rounded off like a cable. Formerly the half-boot was laced: the first improvement was to draw it on like a whole-boot; it was then discovered that a band at the back was better than a seam, and that a silken tassal in front would be highly ornamental, and no doubt of essential use. By this time the half-boot was grown to the size of the whole one. The Austrians, as they were called, yielded to the Hessians, which having the seams on each side instead of down the back, were more expensive, and therefore more fashionable. Then came an invention for wrinkling the leather upon the instep into round folds, which were of singular utility in retaining the dirt, and baffling the shoeblack. At length a superior genius having arisen among boot-makers, the wheel went round; and at this present time every body must be seen in a pair of whole-boots of this great man's making.

"Almost all new fashions offend me," says Feyjoo, "except those which either circumscribe expense, or add to decency." I am afraid that those reasons are practically reversed in England, and that fashions are followed with avidity in proportion as they are extravagant and indecorous; to use the lightest term. The most absurd mode which I have yet heard of, was that of oiling the coat and cold pressing it: this gave it a high gloss, but every particle of dust adhered to it, and after it had been twice or thrice worn, it was unfit to be seen. This folly, which is but of very late date, was too extravagant to last, and never I believe extended into the country. I asked my taylor one day, who is a sensible man in his way, who invented the fashions. "Why, sir,' said he, "I believe it is the young gentlemen who walk in Bond-street. They come to me, and give me orders for a new cut; and perhaps it takes, and perhaps it does not. It is all fancy, you know sir.' This street serves as a Prado or Alameda for all the fops of rank, and happy is he who gets the start in a new cut; in the fall of a cape, the shape of a sleeve, or the pattern of a button. This emulation produces many abortive attempts and it is amusing to see the innovations which are daily hazarded, without ever attaining to the dignity of a fashion.

Color as well as shape, is an affair of fashionable legislation. Language is no where so imperfect as in defining colors: but if philosophical language be deficient here, the creative genius of fashion is never at a loss for terms. What think you of the Emperor's eye, of the Mud of Paris, and *Le soupir èstouffé*,—the sigh supprest? These

I presume were exotic flowers of phraseology, imported for the use of the ladies; it is however, of as much importance to man, as to woman, that he should appear in the prevailing color. My taylor tells me I must have pantaloons of a reddish cast; "all on the reds now, sir!" and reddish accordingly they are, in due conformity to his prescription. It is even regulated whether the coat shall be worn open or buttoned; and if buttoned, whether by one button or two, and by which. Sometimes a cane is to be carried in the hand, sometimes a club, sometimes a common twig? at present the more deformed and crooked in its growth the better. At one time every man walked the streets with his hands in his coat pockets. The length of the neck-kerchief, the shape, the mode of tying it, must all be in the mode. There is a professor in the famous Bond-street who, in lessons at half a guinea, instructs gentlemen in the art of tying their neck-kerchiefs, in the newest and most approved style.

The women have been more extravagant than the men; to be more foolish, was impossible. Twenty years ago the smaller the waist, the more more beautiful it was esteemed. To be shaped like a wasp was therefore the object of female ambition; and so tight did they lace themselves, or rather so tight were they laced, for it required assistant strength to fasten their girths, that women have frequently fainted from the pressure, and, some actually perished by this monstrous kind of suicide. About this time they all wore powder; the hair at the sides was stuck out in stiff curls, or rolls, tier above tier, fastened with long double black pins; behind it was matted with pomatum into one broad flat mass, which was doubled back and pinned upon a cushion, against which the toupee was frizzed up, and the whole frosted over with powder white, brown, pink, or yellow. This was the golden age of hair dressers; the ladies were completely dependent upon them and obliged to wait, patiently or impatiently, for their turn. On important occasions, when very many were to be dressed for the same spectacle, it was not unusual to submit to the operation over night, and sit up all night in consequence; for to have lain down would have disordered the whole furniture of the upper story. The great hoop, which is now confined to the court, was then commonly worn in private parties. Besides this, there were protuberances on the hips called bustlers, another behind, which was called in plain language a rump, and a merry thought of wire on the breast to puff out the neck-kerchief like a pouting pigeon. Women were obliged to sip their tea with the corner of their mouths, and to eat sideways. A yet more extraordinary costume succeeded; that of pads in front, to imitate what it must have been originally intended to conceal.

All these fashions went like the French monarchy, and about the same time: but when the ladies began to strip themselves, they did not know where to stop.

(To be continued.)

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LONDON FASHIONS, FOR *March*, 1808.

A round walking dress of white cambric, or brown velvet; made to sit close to the form; laced behind, and reaching to the edge of the throat, where it is finished with a broad plaiting of French net, or antique ruff of scolloped lace. Long full sleeves, trimmed at the edge of the wrist with correspondent cuff, and broad hair, or coral bracelet. A Zealand coat of ruby, purple, or crimson velvet, made without a collar; flowing loose from the shoulders, and tied or confined with a brooch in the centre of the bosom; ends rounded in front, and reaching the bottom of the petticoat behind; trimmed entirely round with a full and rich ermine. Turban hat of the same material as the coat, turned up all round, bordered with ermine, and tied round the crown with a figured satin ribband. Hair cropt behind, and flowing in irregular curls in front. Shoes of crimson velvet; and gloves of York tan.

In the article of outward robes, we scarcely ever discovered so much taste and variety. In parties, few white dresses are observable, except, indeed, such as are of the most transparent texture, and worn over coloured sattin.

Dresses of coloured leno, or net, are also disposed in drapery over white satin under dresses. We have seen one of amber leno, made with a jacket somewhat of the Swedish peasant form, the straps, sleeves, and bosom ornamented with silver binding.

The most fashionable style of construction for gowns, is that with a high back, sloped to a point in the centre of the bosom, and ornamented with an imperial ruff of fine scolloped lace, in half plaits. But we still see many fashionable women, who continue to exhibit the back and shoulders. Coloured borders, in *chenille*, on black or brown Paris net, and worn over white sarsnet or satin, have a very appropriate and distinguishing effect in the dancing or drawing-room suite. Long sleeves are now worn with every species of costume. Surely they are not consistent for the full dress; yet we see them sometimes in such parties, formed of the same materials, as the robe; at others, of white sarsnet, or silver tissue, attached to coloured dresses; sometimes of plaited French lawn, in the bishop's order; at others, of fine net, twisted round the arm, from the shoulder to the wrist, with pearl beads, or gold and silver bands. They are sometimes placed over a plain satin short sleeve; and to a slender form, we consider this latter

style as well adapted, giving a becoming fullness to a spare figure.

The style of hats and bonnets, for the out-door costume, has exhibited little variety since our last; fur caps, velvet and sarsnets of divers shades, and chiefly of the turban form, lined with Chinchilli or other skins, are the most attractive. A few beavers, in the Spanish style (the colours pale brown) have lately appeared; but we consider them more useful than becoming, or genteel.

The thirst for novelty has induced our jewellers to introduce rather a repellent ornament by way of brooch, in the form of *insects*; surely this is a stretch of invention more novel than pleasing; the bosoms of delicate females will naturally shrink from the idea of countenancing so monstrous a decoration. In the article of trinkets we have discovered nothing striking or novel since our last communication; shells suspended from rich chains of gold, the oriental armlets, and treble bracelets are distinguishable amidst the endless variety offered to our view.

The prevailing colours are purple, shaded greens, Devonshire browns, crimson, and yellow; coquelicot and morone are on the decline.

CATO, THE CENSOR.

And where find we a more rigid moralist?—was wont to say, as Plutarch informs us, that a few glasses of wine assisted the discussion of philosophical subjects. Sir John Hawkins says of another rigid moralist, Doctor Johnson, that he seldom more enjoyed himself than at a well ordered public house, with his literary companions. It is the abuse, not the use, that injures health, wealth, and reputation.—Oh! consider the dreadful ravages of intemperance.

> ..... This ugly monster,
> 'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
> Sweet words; yet hath more ministers than those
> Who draw their swords in war.

The writer hopes that no one will suffer his glass to wear the breeches; nor even to permit his cheek to be crimsoned beyond the temperate hue of Hygeia's rose.—O Intemperance, thou destroying angel, the sword and the plague bring but their hundreds, whilst thou bringest thy thousands to the court of death.

THE OBSTINATE MAN

Does not hold opinions, but they him; for when he is once possest with an error, 'tis, like the devil not to be cast out but with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning man, he never loses, though it do but help to sink him the sooner. His ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impregnable both by art and nature, and will hold out to the last, though it has nothing but rubbish

to defend. It is as dark as pitch, and sticks as fast to any thing it lays hold on, His skull is so thick that it is proof against any reason, and never cracks but on the wrong side, just opposite to that against which the impression is made, which surgeons say does happen very frequently. The slighter and more inconsistent his opinions are, the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves: for opinions that are false, ought to be held with more strictness and assurance, than those that are true, otherwise they will be apt to betray their owners before they are aware. If he takes to religion, he has faith enough to save a hundred wiser men than himself, if it were right; but it is too much to be good; and though he deny supererogation, and utterly disclaim any overplus of merits, yet he allows superabundant belief, and if the *violence* of faith *will carry the kingdom of Heaven*, he stands fair for it. He delights, most of all, to differ in things indifferent; no matter how frivolous they are, they are weighty enough in proportion to his weak judgment, and he will rather suffer self-martyrdom, than part with the least scruple of his freehold; for it is impossible to dye his dark ignorance into a lighter colour. He is resolved to understand no man's reason but his own, because he finds no man can understand his but himself. His wits are like a sack, which, the French proverb says, is tied faster when it is filling, than when it is full; and his opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast, though they have no rooting. His understanding is hardened like Pharaoh's heart, and is proof against all sorts of judgments whatsoever.

The 4th number of the Lunatic, we did not receive till too late for this week's paper.

Several pieces under consideration.

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MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. Dr. M'Knight, the Hon. Benjamin Tallmadge, of Connecticut, to Miss Maria Hallett, daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Hallett.

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. bishop Moore, Mr. James Kissam, to Miss Phoebe Bartow, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Peck, Mr. Walter Weed, to Miss Elizabeth Chapel, both of this city.

At Tappan, on Wednesday the 27th ult by the rev. Mr, Lansing, Mr. William Sickles, to Miss Fanny Fowler, both of that place.

At the same place, on Thursday, the 28th ult. by the rev. Mr. Lansing, Mr John House, of Clarkstown, to Miss Elizabeth Blauvelt, of the former place

At the same time and place, by the rev. Mr. Lansing, Mr. William Pye, to Miss Martha Stephens, both of Clarkstown.

DIED,

On Sunday, Mr. James Cebra, weigher to the custom-house, in the 79th year of his age, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

At South-Hampton, (L. I.) on the 15th ult. aged 25, Mr. Parmenas Howell, son of Ezekiel Howell, of that place, and late resident in this city.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE CONTRAST;

OR,

WAR AND PEACE.

Written by an American Gentleman while in captivity in Tripoli.

When the sweet smiling moon rolls her orb thro' the sky,
And the white clouds are flying afar,
I rove
Through the Grove
While no danger is nigh,
And with pensiveness utter a heart-broken sigh,
As I think on the horrors of war.

O'er the earth hostile armies in battle around,
Spread destruction and carnage afar,
While blood,
Like a flood,
Flows with crimson the ground,
And the groans of the dying unnumber'd resound,
Oh ! the horrors of merciless war !

Heaven hasten the time when the battle shall cease,
And dread terror be banish'd afar,
When love,
Like a dove,
With the emblems of peace,
Shall return to the ark, and wretchedness cease,
Which imbitters the horrors of war.

Then the vulture despair, from misery fly,
And no ill-omend grief bearing star,
Shall keep,
Gentle sleep,
From the fatherless eye,
Nor disturb the repose of the brave with a sigh,
For the wide-wasting horrors of War.

ALFRED.

AN OLD MAN'S PETITION.

When age of beauty pleads in strains sincere,
'Twill one small mark of charity supply :
Who can unmov'd observe the pearly tear,
That falls in pity from that beauty's eye ?

Tis like a dew-drop from the sphere above,
That falls to nourish where it chance to light;
'Tis Mercy's pittance of celestial love;
And dimming, adds a lustre to the sight.

I saw an aged wretch implore relief;
I paus'd to hear; when such a tale was told,
'Twould melt a heart of rock to liquid grief,
And ev'ry feeling to its truth unfold.

" Lady, one moment in your bounty spare ;
That face betrays a sympathy of soul,
That will not turn averted from the pray'r,
My bursting heart no longer can controul.

" Awhile ago, I farm'd a lot of land ;
A wife and children bless'd my circling days :

The poor I welcom'd with an open hand,
And shar'd alike their gratitude and praise.

"Three growing prattlers were our social crew,
With one fair youth advanc'd to man's estate:
Then all admir'd and lov'd the peaceful few
Who liv'd content, nor envied to be great.

"Now, fate revers'd, in mis'ry thus I stay,
To beg my hapless mite from door to door;
Alas! too often scoff'd at in my way,
By those I cherish'd 'ere I grew so poor.

"The neighb'ring bank, which fail'd so long ago,
With half the riches of the country round,
My glitt'ring joys converted into woe,
And sunk my prospects lower than the ground.

"Still I look'd up; my children hungred still;
Still look'd for fire their chilly limbs to warm:
'Twas mine a father's duty to fulfil;
Hope beam'd, and labour nerv'd my willing arm.

"My boy, too, (peace to his departed worth,
Methinks I see him in an angel's form,)
Embrac'd us all, then smiling, sallied forth,
To shield us from the arrows of the storm.

"'Twas then our nation's safety was alarm'd;
His youth was ardent, and he caught the fire;
A double motive now his bosom warm'd,
To serve his country and to feed his sire.

"Two years contented pass'd; our bread was sweet;
Though mix'd with care, compar'd, it yet was joy;
Great news arriv'd—our foe had lost their fleet—
And I, alas! these tears—had lost my boy!

"Now sorrows heap'd their load, and gain'd their way;
This the forerunner of still worse to come;
For one by one, my darlings clos'd their day,
And I alone was left of all my home.

"A fever rag'd within our manor's claim;
The memory costs my heart a tear of blood;
To many a sire it left a childless name,
And nipt my blooming flow'rets in their bud.

"The stem that bore them now began to drop;
My long-lov'd wife, my first and latest friend,
My last support of Heav'n in Nature's scope,
Now spun her wretched suff'rings to an end.

"Since that, some years have roll'd their ling'ring rounds;
Years of despair, of horror, and of pain:
Broken my heart, and recollection's wounds,
Floating the circles of my frantic brain.

"Oh, Lady, list! believe me what I seem;

I have not where to go, nor yet to stay;
My food is chance, my draught the freezing stream,
The sky my shelter, and the world my way.
"To me a trifle would each comfort give;
Ly little wants are now but plain and few;
I want but humbly, and in peace to live,
And die resign'd, as every man should do."

Thus clos'd his pray'r——An angel heard the strain;
The tear its semblance truly did uphold:
Now yonder cot, that skirts the village plain,
Protects his shiv'ring bosom from the cold. H.

LIGHT ARTICLES.

An English print says, Madame Catalani goes to Dublin for *three* nights: travelling expences paid, *fourteen hundred guineas*, and a free benefit. *Viva la musica.*

Much wanted—a neat well behaved female, to do kitchen work in a small family in Charleston.—She may pray and sing hymns, but not over the dish-kettle; may go to meeting, but must not believe in the divinity of Elias Smith, nor attend meetings till the midnight hour. Inquire at the office of the Boston Repertory.

The following advice was lately left by a miser to his nephew:—buy your wood in summer; your furniture at auctions, about a fortnight after quarter day; and your books at the fall of the leaf.

Metaphors, says Cicero, like virgins, should exhibit themselves sparingly, and with reserve; but appear without affectation. Is it possible that authors who use disgusting or trifling ones, should forget that the aim of composition is to delight and amuse? In using metaphors we should not descend from the genus to the species..... The "flame of love" may be admitted at a proper figure of speech, but we cannot say with propriety, the "sparks of love," or the "wick of love." A metaphor is a short or abridged comparison; but it should not be too long extended, lest from a metaphor it descend into an enigma.

The matrimonial blacksmith at Gretna green being asked why old women were so fond of matrimony? Why, said he, you know that old wood catches fire in an instant.

There has been many a joke about the refusal of an Irish gentleman to marry a lady whose name is *Fortune*. If however, we are to trust to satirists, many a man who *marries* is wedded to *Mis-fortune.*

TERMS OF THIS MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum.....payable *one in advance.*

Those who reside out of the city to pay one year's advance at the time of subscribing.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CLOUGH,
No. 46 *Fair-street.*